

EACH SIDE

OF THE

GUTTER;

OR,

FUGITIVE PIECES.

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THE
R A T S,

A B A L L A D,

To the Tune of—"CHEVY-CHACE."



GOD succour soon our noble King,
And keep us faithfull all;
A base desertion did of late,
In *College-Green* befall.

II.

Fierce *C——n* made a dreadful vow
Proud *Buckingham* to fight,
Whose matchless power had oft before,
Defeated him outright.

III.

And thrice he wound his bugle-horn,
To bring his merry-men all,
They soon came trooping o'er the hills,
All lads both stout and tall.

IV.

IV.

From *Tipperary's* fertile fields,
 Came C——n brisk and keen,
 Well skilled to aim the shaft concealed,
 But bad in fight I ween.

V.

Next floating on a dung-boat came,
 Along the Grand Canal,
 With *W—fe*, and *B—gh*, and C——ly,
 The Lord High Admiral.

VI.

In all the pomp of Eastern pride,
 He grimly ey'd the flood,
 And rul'd with arbitrary sway,
 The boatmen as he flood.

VII.

Then from his dark monastic cell,
 With harmless cannons grac'd,
 Crept forth ecclesiastic B——que
 In legal armour cas'd.

VIII.

His spear was of that gander's quill,
 That sav'd the capitol,
 A parchment helmet too he wore,
 To guard his paper skull,

IX.

IX.

His shield was form'd of many sheets,
Of Puffendorf de Jure,
 His gorget was of Grotius too,
 To check his heart's mad fury.

X.

Then sneaking came a very few,
 And those of small renown,
 Bold G——n saw, and sadly soon,
 He cast his eyes adown.

XI.

But quick with happy thoughts inspir'd,
 He starts and cries aloud,
 Let those who now for pensions sigh,
 With haste come join the crowd.

XII.

Leave foolish *Buckingham* for me,
 And to my standard run,
 Haste to salute the rising Day,
 Forsake the setting Sun.

XIII.

Those that have places shall have more,
 And those that have not shall,
 And those who like it have their fill,
 Of jobbing and cabal.

XIV.

XIV.

These words with mighty influence wrought,
 On Bald Sir John the Paviour,
 Who would for thirty pence again
 Betray his Lord and Saviour.

XV.

He soon, for moderation sure,
 Is not in him inherent,
 Hurl'd Paving stones and channel dirt,
 Upon the King's Vicegerent.

XVI.

He talk'd of jobbing and what not,
 Till *Harcourt's* Ghost appear'd,
 His shroud with Icicles was hung,
 And eke his silver beard.

XVII.

The Paviour shrunk, his blood was chilled,
 But *Harcourt* still came nigher;
 'Till to remove the deadly cold,
 He raked the Soldier's fire.

XVIII.

False *L—f—s* came and *P—f—y*,
 But who'd expect to find,
 A steadiness in Men who live,
 By watching of the Wind.

XIX.

XIX

Then *Gervais* turned, tho' at the Act,
Nunc neminiſi horret,
 Yet long he beat the Buſh about,
 To find a Reason for it.

XX.

Then ſhifted Jack for learning famed,
 I mean old Jack the Prancer,
 Who tho' the gout has cramped his toes,
 Is ſtill a noble dancer.

XXI.

G—e Og—e too who ne'er before,
 A thought of baſeneſs harboured,
 Now hid his face, then veer'd about,
 And ſtationed on the larboard.

XXII.

Then lofty buſkined L—ſbe too,
 Reign'd Pegasus about,
 Nay, all that favour had obtained,
 Went off to G—n's Rout.

XXIII.

But why ſhould I of private Men
 Take thus ſuperfluous notice,
 When thoſe in truſt and confidence,
 Thought fit to act the Proteus.

XXIV.

When *Sh—n* and his light Dragoons,
And *L—r* and his brothers,
Left *Buckingham* to save himself,
And went to join the others.

XXV.

But faithful *John Fitzgibbon* stay'd,
To help his royal Master ;
Stout *Mason*, *Toler*, *Beresford*,
Disdain'd to set the Daftard.

XXVI.

And thus I pray that our good King
May be in health e'er long,
To punish the Deserters all,
And so I end my song.

The HOPES OF THE PARTY

A NEW SONG.

To the tune of "Goostrum Foo", &c.

OF late we were all stout and hearty,
Because of the state of our King;
But alas! all the hopes of the party
Are fled; what a terrible thing;

Sing goostrum, &c.

Where now is his Honour the Master,
Oh! he's gone on a message to Wales;
If he can he'll avoid a disaster,
No matter which party prevails.

Sing goostrum, &c.

We much fear that all hopes of promotion,
Must now be foregone by his Grace;
Since by failure of party commotion,
He has miss'd a Vice Treasurer's place.

Sing goostrum, &c.

The poor Duke of Armagh's high ambition,
Must lie for a while on the shelf;
For his friends, we lament their condition,
Since he can't e'en provide for himself.

Sing goostrum, &c.

L—d L—s, the f—r, the scoff is,
Of all where his conduct is known;
He for Peerage, or Pension, or office,
Would vote e'en Old Nick on the Throne.

Sing goostrum, &c.

As for S—— since e'er we have known him,
 His friendship we all disavow;
 E'en his father himself wou'd disown him,
 Cou'd he peep from his lodgings below,
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Th' insatiate ambition of Harry,
 A desperate check now attends;
 And since ev'ry point he can't carry,
 He'll vent all his spleen on his friends.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Let Brunswick, however, beware Sir,
 His ire, (tho' she sits on the Throne);
 Since our Hal has thought fit to declare Sir,
 That his title's as good as her own.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

As for P——y's fruitless endeavour,
 To grasp all the pow'r in the realm;
 The party will certainly never
 Submit, to see him at the helm.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

10 Brother Georgy succeed to Fitzgibbon,
 L——e M——rr—is fill Beresford's place,
 Joey H——re get a star and a ribbon,
 And *himself* go in state with the mace.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

11 There's B——e that foul mouth'd old sinner,
 His jobs must be all brought to light;
 For in spite of his margaux and dinner,
 Each guest will forsake the bald Knight.
 Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

Per

Pert C——n that great gladiator,
 Wish'd to wear the Solicitor's gown;
 But now the poor pitiful prater,
 Must e'en be content with his own.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

G—y B——e, C—ff, and L——e, and H—tt—n,
 Have run on the wrong side the post,
 Let us see if their friend Harry G—tt—n,
 Will make to them what they have lost.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Tho' this change of all hope has bereft us,
 Let us not our endeavours forego,
 There is still one expedient left us,
 So let's try what Round Robin can do.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

But if every attempt to keep places
 Should fail, and we're all turn'd out,
 'Twill be time then to lengthen our faces,
 Till then push the jorum about.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

THE

THE AMBASSADORS,

A S O N G.

I.

TH' Ambassadors proud of their office so great,
Over the wa'try wave,
Th' Ambassadors proud of their office so great,
In the Duchefs of Rutland fet sail for Parkgate,
With their haily, gaily, gamborally, rumbling tumb-
ling, tossing to-and-fro, over the wat'ry wave.

II.

When come to the Prince drest out in their best,
Over the wat'ry wave,
The good Duke of Leinster spoke for the rest,
With their haily, &c.

III.

Please your Highness, our nation so loyal and true,
Over the wat'ry wave,
As Regent, unfetter'd, has bid us greet you,
With our haily, &c.

IV. For

IV.

For we scorn to limit a Prince that's so good,
Over the wat'ry wave,
For whom we are ready to shed our best blood,
With our haily, &c.

V.

For your friends you may now provide with great ease,
Over the wat'ry wave,
For we'll pay any absentee pensions you please,
With our haily, &c.

VI.

Quoth the Prince, my good people, you're now come
too late,
Over the wat'ry wave.
My Father is well, and has resumed his state,
With our haily, &c.

VII.

To the people of Ireland much I am bound,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And ungrateful, I trust, I shall never be found,
With a haily, &c.

VIII.

But as matters are now, you must e'en all submit,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And pay court to the Viceroy, sent over by Pitt,
With a haily, &c.

IX. Quoth

IX.

Quoth the Duke to himself, we have done a *wife*
thing,

Over the wat'ry wave,
I wish I had never deserted my King,
With my haily, &c.

X.

So back the Ambassadors came in a trice,
Over the wat'ry wave,
To lay before Parliament, Princely advice,
With a haily, &c.

A COMICAL.

A COMICAL NEW
B A L L I D,

CALL'D BY WAY OF ITS TITLE,
DE L A W OF DE L Y E,
O R,

LARRY CUT DOWN.

DE night dat poor Larry was strecht,
De boys were all gedder'd about him,
And when in de dirt he was ketch'd,
Oh! how de young black-guards did flout him!
De lad was as full as a tick,
Of de gall he brought over from London,
Dat damn'd second-hand gall made him sick,
And 'twas den dat poor Larry was undone.
Becase why his nurse was so foul.

At first de sweet youth he was shy,
But when dat de jaw it run higher,
He gave little Harry de lye,
"By de Peter," says he, "you're a liar."
Den Harry look'd round at de House.
While de Members all wif'd for to back him;
As if Larry was only a louse,
Dat would dirty his nails for to crack him.
For Larry he look'd rader small.

C

Den

Den Sandy so sweet and so bluff,
 Came and frown'd like de Divle by Larry ;
 Whereupon, in a giffy, Jem Cuffe,
 Brought his bum to an anchor near Harry.
 Says jemmy, dear Hal, 'tis a farce,
 Give de boy but his twine, and don't mind him ;
 In his face I'll soon shew you his arse,
 Oh ! his sweet arse won't long stay behind him ;
 For Sandy will bring it about.

Den up got de pavier so stout.
 With his face both behind and before him,
 And made de poor young man to pout,
 Oh ! you'd grieve for to see how he tore him.
 Sir Lucius den stird up de next.
 And de point of de priv'ledge he handled ;
 Den he took up—and laid down detext,
 Den he smiled—den his bonnet he dandled ;
 Den left de point just where he found it.

De Pro—st den rose in his place,
 For to give to de House informat'on ;
 He said 'twas a wonderful case,
 De most wonderful in de whole nat'on.
 As for Larry, says he, I'm his friend,
 But, by G—d, to de best of my knowledge,
 Unless these bad manners he'll mend,
 He'll be flung out by Frank from de College ;
 And dat sure would be a sad ting ;

Den

Den Sandy stooped down to his ear,
 And said' something dat made him look paler,
 As if de damn'd gibbet was near,
 And de neck-cloath was brought by de jailor.
 But Jacky Fitzgibbons so grave,
 When he saw the-boy all were so hard on,
 Dear Larry says he for to fave
 Your sweet life, you must tip dem de pardon,
 And double de grill upon Sandy,

Den he pop't up so tall and so pale,
 And good Christins says he in de nat'on,
 I knock under to simple repeal,
 And I here make my renunciati'n :
 Nor no longer poor Larry detain'd,
 For he thought de rougues still at his crupper,
 And when dat de College he gained,
 He parceived he'd made room for his supper,
 For his sweet a—se came back to its duty.

DE

DE KILMAINMAM BALLID.

I.

THOUGH I *would* look *big and jolly*,
 Still I'm left to cry alone!
 Divil take me far my folly,
 Nat to let the hacks alone!
 Tirollee, tiralliddy,
 Tirollee, tirollee,
 Not forgetting teerolladdy, &c.

II.

Oh they had nearly done my bisness
 Tho' I talk'd so big and stout—
 All but far the *convalescence*
 Soon I must have—soap'd my snout!
 Tirollol.

III.

Tittle-tattle, lie, and twaddle.
 Lie and twaddle all the day!
 Who'll defend my a—se and noddle,
 When they get me *hence* away?
 Tirollol.

IV.

Harry Aston, Billy Cotton,
 You're the lads were full of tricks;
 I thought I was as dead as mutton,
 When I danc'd *between your sticks*!
 Tirollol.

V. *There*

V.

There I am a simple M—q—fs—

Here I must *contrive* to stay—
Lord have mercy on my carcass!

Amen! let Lewellyn say!

Tirollol,

Not forgetting—Mary Neal.

VI.

Fetch and carry, lie, and twaddle,

Lie and twaddle all the day!

Had I brains as much as—noddle,

More I'd *do*, and less I'd *say*.

Tirollol.

VII.

Crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye!

Crowd ye to me! STILL I say!

But—(if the *crowd* would let me *softly*)

I'd *crowdee* soon *myself* away.

Dirollol, tirollidy, tirollol, tirollee—

Tirollol, and tirollee—too!—likewise!

And quite forgetting tirolliddy.

VIII.

Place and pension to *each* Member.

And “good sir! pray make no doubt!”

But each promise to remember—

Cocker could not—make them out!

Tirollol.

IX. Friends

IX.

Friends I've made—by lies and flutter,
 But they were not staunch or—clean!
 They chang'd sides across the gutter.
 And the gutter — lies between!
 'Tirollol "quick and ready,"
 'Tirollol "see me, see"!
 'Tirollol, I'm sturdy,
 'Tirolleddy!—one—two—three!

X.

Against Caulfield and Fitzgerald,
Nightmen all shall make me sport,
 From the gutter (or the garret)
 They, by G—d shall fling the—dirt.
 Tirollol.
 Crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye!
 Crowd ye! crowd ye! *still* I say—
 Had I *twenty more* of crowdy,
 Oh! then I'd *bilk*, and — run away!

FROM

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER *we give,*

IRISH WONDERS!!!

‘ THOSE Gentlemen who may wish to have a
‘ sight of the SIX VERY CURIOUS ANIMALS that
‘ are just landed from IRELAND, are respectfully
‘ informed, that their stay in *the* METROPOLIS
‘ will be very short. They are esteemed by all those
‘ who have seen them, as the greatest living curiosi-
‘ ties—the MONSTROUS CRAWLS not excepted.
‘ They are to be shewn to His ROYAL HIGHNESS
‘ the PRINCE of WALES, to whom they are to pay
‘ their compliments; and after that, they may be
‘ seen by the public.’

‘ Admittance, a Thirteen each person.”

‘ Character peeps out at small openings.—When
‘ Charles XII. was assassinated, his right hand went
‘ insensibly upon his *sword hilt*! When the Duke of
‘ Bedford heard of the *Irish Ambassadors* arrival,
‘ both his hands fell upon *his breeches pockets*!”

‘ *Foreign Ambassadors Allowance.*—If Extraordina-
‘ ry, they have 8l. a day—if not, 5l.—In regard to
‘ the *Irish Ambassadors*, they certainly are *Foreign* to
‘ the whole matter—and who can say they are not
‘ *Extraordinary*?

‘ The

‘ The ardour of political contest it at length giving way to pleasanter things. *Extraordinary* Gentlemen from Ireland have been invited every where—to the private concerts, &c. of Lord EXETER Lord BUCKINGHAM, &c. and the *Irish Howl* is now every where to be heard!’

‘ The *Irish Howl* was the only omission at Miss HAMILTON’s splendid concert. In every other respect, it was very complete.’

SIX AMAZING IRISH BULLS.

‘ These *Curious Animals* are to be seen from ten in the morning till five o’clock in the afternoon, at which time they go to feed.

‘ The *Old Bull*, who is called *the Duke*, from being bred in a *Duke’s Park*, is truly worth seeing. At the word of command, you may make him *cross over* and *change sides*, as naturally as a Christian; and he is so docile, he will *take any thing* from *any body*. The other BULLS are equally curious—and merit the attention of the public.’

‘ If any body should be inclined to purchase them before they leave LONDON, they may be had at a bargain.’

THE

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

I.

IN good King GEORGE's *golden* days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
All Castle Measures I did praise,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my sons I took great pains,
How many blessings spring,
That place and pensions were the gains,
Of following the King.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain
As far as I can see sir ;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

II.

But if the *P—e* obtain the Crown,
And *Popery* come in fashion,
The Church of England I'll hoot down,
And read my Recantation.
The Church of Rome will well agree
With *College* Constitution ;
And Fellows all shall Jesuits be
Spite of the Revolution.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain
As far as I can see sir ;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

D

III. And

III.

And as the P---ce they have declared
And F-x's party lead,

With this new wind about I've veer'd
And joined the RATS with speed:

All promises I quickly broke,
Set Conscience at a distance,

But sure no party I forsook
While they could make resistance.

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will maintain

As far as I can see Sir ;

That whatsoever party reign

A Placeman I will be Sir.

IV.

But if Will P--t should be the man,
And threaten to revenge,

I'll be the first to join his clan
And speedily will change :

I never was to party staunch,
Nor ever will I vow sir ;

With each strong party I will launch,
And never will be true sir.

C H O R U S.

And this is law I will maintain,

As far as I can see sir ;

That whatsoever party reign,

A Placeman I will be sir.

V. Whoe'er

V.

Whoe'er in Pudding Times comes o'er,
For moderate Men get nought sir,
Tho' much I have I'll still ask more,
They ne'er got who ne'er fought Sir ;
And thus Preferment I've procur'd
By Government supporting ;
The *Setting* Sun I've still abjur'd
Ther^{ing} still am courting.

CHORUS.

*And this is law I will maintain,
As far as I can see sir ;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

VI.

To George the third of Hanover
And *Protestant* Succession ;
To these I do Allegiance swear
While they can keep Possession ;
For in my Faith and Loyalty
I never more will Faulter ;
And he my Lawful King shall be
Untill the Times shall alter.

CHORUS.

*And this is law, I will maintain,
As far as I can see sir,
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

FINIS.

Which in finding I have come to
For nothing I have not thought
I have much I have I think more
The more you know the more I know
And I am not alone I know
For I am not alone I know
I am not alone I know
I am not alone I know

CHORUS

And this is how I will maintain
As far as I can for
That I will maintain I will
A pleasure I will



And this is how I will maintain
As far as I can for
That I will maintain I will
A pleasure I will
I will the I will
And he will I will
I never more will I
For in my I will
While they can keep I will
To the I will
And this is how I will maintain
As far as I can for
That I will maintain I will
A pleasure I will

CHORUS

And this is how I will maintain
As far as I can for
That I will maintain I will
A pleasure I will

FINIS

